THE *London Terræ-filius*: OR THE Satyrical Reformer.

BEING

Drolling Reflections on the VICES and VANITIES OF

Both Sexes.

To be Continu'd.

By the Author of The London-Spy.

Numb. II.

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THE

London Terræ-filius:

OR,

The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

THERE goes a handſome Lady for you, whoſe *Vertue*, if you'll believe her own Words, is ſuch a Bulwark to her *Beauty*, that it renders her Charms Impregnable; yet ſhe denies her ſelf no Liberty but that of *Original Sin*, and makes it her Buſineſs to enter into Temptation, on purpoſe to convince the *Libertines* of the Age there may be ſuch a *Rara avis* as an Honeſt Woman, whoſe invincible Chaſtity is able to defend herſelf againſt the *Devil*'s *Sword* and *Buckler*, *Importunity*, and *Opportunity*, by the powerful Strokes of which prevailing Weapons many a poor Damſel has been lay'd Sprawling, and has

unhappily receiv'd ſuch a Poys'nous Wound at an unlucky Thruſt or two, that nothing but Nine Months *Patience*, and a Skillful *Midwife* at the end of the term could have Cur'd effectually. But yonder Fair Lady that I now Point at dare truſt her ſelf at the *Play-Houſe* with the moſt expert *Courtier*; Drink a Bottle in a *Tavern* with the moſt promiſing *Gallant*; Sit up a whole Night with a *Beau* in her own *Bed-Chamber*; Unlace her *Stays* before the moſt vigorous *Lover*; truſt her ſelf up two Pair of Stairs with a young Student at *Law*; and yet ſo Guard her *Magazine* of *Honour* againſt all Amorous Attacks, that ſhe defies the whole *Male Sex* to take ſo much as the *Out-works* by either Force or Stratagem. 'Tis true ſhe is of a pritty *Maſculine Stature*, but I have known as little a Man as my ſelf knock down as Luſty a Woman as her Ladyſhip, with nothing but a *Carnal Weapon*, tho', before the On-ſet, ſhe pretended to have as much *Vertue* to defend herſelf as yonder Reſolute *Bellona*. However, I have nothing to ſay againſt the Lady's *Reputation*, ſhe may, for ought I know, be full as *Vertuous* as ſhe pretends to be; but if her *Prudence* be ſo little as to take thoſe freedoms, which ſhe has the Vanity to Boaſt of, I cannot but think her the moſt exqueſite *Jilt* that ever put Tricks upon Travellers; and I muſt further tell her, that if my

own

own Sister should keep the same *Company*, and take the like Priviledge as such a Chast *Diana*, I should think her as Arrant a *Strumpet* as ever left her impression upon a new made Feather-Bed, and when caught in the very Act had the Impudence to deny it.

Woman most commonly will boast,
Her Vertue *when she knows 'tis lost;*
Therefore suspect the Dame's without it,
That Talks or Wrangles much about it.

Here comes a Thumping Brother of that Honourable Profession, the *Law*, who, to the everlasting Credit of that most Righteous Science, has scarce been a Month together out of *Bridewell*, or the *Compter* these two seven Years, yet has he Reputation of being as Cunning a Practitioner as ever was Bred in *Yorkshire*, and can with an *Anglice*, or an *Inuendo*, put such quaint Constructions upon Bombast *Latin*, and Unintelligible Dashes, as if he had been lately bred an *Understrapping Scribbler* to some of the Modern *People Plaguers*. He is always in his *Morning-Gown* as you now see him, as if his Business was so great, or his *Taylor* so distrustful that he wanted either Time or Cloths to Dress himself like a *Christian*; his Flapping Hat, in contempt of Fashionable Stays, hangs over his *Sarazens-head* like a Veil over a *Jews* Face at his Devotion

in the *Synagogue*; his Wig is matted like a Horſes Main, juſt fetch'd from Graſs, and has ſuch Weather-beaten variety in every Lock, that it would puzzle the Hang-Man to produce a worſe after a day of Execution. Without being inform'd a Man may Read his Profeſſion by the Roll of Parchment in his Hand, by which he is as diſtinguiſhable as a *General* by his Truncheon; by his outward appearance a Man would think him Poor; but by his manner of Living a Man of Quality, for he ſeldom goes to Bed without a *Whore* and a *Bottle:* He is a very good *Attorney* in an ill *Cauſe*, if he be well look'd after; and in ſpight of ill Tongues that beſpatter him, is ſo Honeſt a Man in his calling that he affords a great deal of *Law* for a little Money, and that's what many Practicers ha'n't the Conſcience to do that pretend to more Integrity; ſo we ſhall leave the Lump of the Law to look about him for fear of a *Serjeant* or a *Tipſtaff*.

The Law's *an Honourable Profeſſion,*
But yet I hope it's no Tranſgreſſion
To ſay there's many Knaves *perſue it,*
That add but little Honour to it.

For ſhame, Madam, ſhake off that Beetle Brow'd Gallant, that is not half ſo handſome as your Husband. With what Conſcience can ſo Pious a Lady that has more

Scripture

Scripture by Heart, than a Country *Curat*, commit these Unrighteous Follies in the Sight of your Neighbourhood? 'Tis not above an Hour since you were turning up the Whites of your Eyes at an *Annabaptist Conventicle*; and are you now going to strain 'em further with that Unsanctify'd Wretch, which all the World knows to be a *High-Churchman?* Fie upon those wicked Motions of the *Unclean Spirit*. Could you not find one *Holy Ram* in your own Sanctify'd Flock to have encreas'd the Number of the Horned, but you must Pollute a Member of the *Church*, as if you resolv'd to Damn your own Soul, in prejudice to those that hold *Infant Baptism*. Revenge, I know, will carry a Woman a great way: But I little thought it would have made a *She-Saint* turn up her Pious Rump to a *Sinful Reprobate* of a different Kidney. But I find *Lust* is like *Death*, it is no respecter of Persons; nor, indeed, is it fit that so Beastial an Appetite should have any regard to *Religions Distinctions*; for if it should it would be Starving times with some of the *Town Stallions*, who pick up as good a Living among some *Righteous Pretenders*, almost as their *Teachers*. For the surest *She Friend* that a *Libertine* can have is a *Lascivious Hipocrite*, that Prays as often as she Sins; and so by humouring both the *Flesh* and *Spirit* prophanely thinks to keep a steady

ſteady courſe between *God* and the *Devil*. Let me tell you, Madam, you had beſt take ſpecial care how your *Teacher* becomes acquainted with your *Deeds* of *Abomination*; ſhould he ſee you thus wandering in the Paths of the Wicked, what would the good Man ſay? He would certainly new dip you, were it in Froſty Weather, and make you take a new Covenant with the *Saints*, before ever he would re-admit you into the Congregation of the *Righteous:* For to commit *Adultery* out of the Pale of your own *Church*, is ſo Damnable a Sin, that had your *Pope Diminutive* the Keys of *Purgatory* as well as the *Pope* of *Rome*, I am afraid nothing but Fire, inſtead of Water, would be thought able to cleanſe you; therefore ſhake off your *Fleſhly Idol*, return Home and Repent, and be no more ſuch a *Hipocrite* to *God*, and a *Treacherous Snake* in the Boſom of your own *Husband*, leſt your *Secret Sins* bring you to *Publick Shame*; and your want of *Repentance* to everlaſting Puniſhment.

Thus Saints *that Talk ſo much of Grace,*
And put on ſuch a Righteous Face,
Their punctual Honeſty to ſhew,
Will even give the Devil *his due.*

Hoiſt up Old *True Penny:* What, ſo Drunk by Eleven a Clock in the Forenoon,

noon, that you cannot ſet one Leg before the other without Stumbling? Out upon you, for a Damn'd *Derby-Ale* Sot: If you had been a *Billingſgate Carman*, or a *Bailiff*'s *Follower*, inſtead of a *Maggotty Cheeſemonger*, and *Church-Warden* of your Pariſh, you could not have had leſs *Shame*, and more *Brutality*, than the World may obſerve in ſuch a Swill-Belly'd *Suck-Bottle*. Pray behold how he ſtands hugging a Poſt to Poiſe himſelf Upright, that he may ſtagger to the next. Methinks, as he handles his Supporter, he looks ſo like the Sign of the *Bear and Ragged-Staff*, as if he was mimicking the Painted Brute to make the People Laugh at him: I'll warrant he has been Spunging a Mornings Draught out of the Poor's Box; for it's impoſſible the Beaſt ſhould be Drunk ſo Early, without he had been about Pariſh Buſineſs; for who but his Partner, or the *Overſeers* of the Poor, that Drink commonly upon *Charity*, would Laviſh away their Money as ſoon as out of their Beds to keep a Sot Company till he had ſo diſguis'd himſelf. That Monſter of a Fuddle-Cap, according to Report, has ſwallow'd as much *Derby-Ale*, within this ſeven Years, on purpoſe to acquire a Magiſtereal Bulk, as a *New River* Pipe conveys Water into Town in a whole Twelvemonth, and has pick'd the Bones of as many Fowls, at the Pariſh Charge, ſince he has been choſen

into Office, as all the *Foxes* in the County; yet is this Inordinate *Tipple Pitcher* (notwithſtanding his own *Gluttony* and *Ebriety*) ſo very buſie of a *Sunday* in Perſecuting all *Tiplers*, and the Houſes they are catch'd in, that a Stranger would believe, from his Induſtry to ſuppreſs *Vice* and *Immorality*, that he was at leaſt a Topping Member of the *Reforming Society*. But, I perceive, ſince *Hipocriſie* like *Moderation* is become a *Virtue*, every Man is not Righteous that Perſecutes the Wicked, no more than every Man is Honeſt that, by his Habit and his Looks, appears as if he were ſo; for as *Wolves* ſometimes Creep into *Sheeps* Clothing, ſo have I ſeen, before now, a ſad *Dog* Dreſs'd up in a *Saints* Dublet.

Since 'tis the Faſhion, now a days,
For greater Rogues *to Plague the leſs.*
Who knows, but as our Zeal *grows warmer*
Old Nick *himſelf may turn* Reformer.

How now, Old Beldam; whither are you Trotting in ſuch wonderful haſt, this fine Morning? I'll warrant to Decoy out ſome Citizens Plump Daughter for a *Courtier* to make a Breakfaſt on, or to fetch a ſecond Hand *Maidenhead* to your Old Cully, Sir *Thomas*: 'Tis a ſtrange Itch that attends a Superanuated *Whore*, when Age and Diſtemper has render'd her Nauſious to all

Maſculine

Maſculine Society, and that ſhe finds her ſelf paſt Youthful Pleaſures, and ſees her ſelf neglected like Old Stubble. She is ſo Naturally Prone to Corrupt others, that her higheſt Felicity conſiſts in ſeducing her own Sex to what, ſhe knows by Experience, ends, but at the beſt, in moſt ſorrowful Reflections. I'll warrant you, that Hagged Old *Belzebub*, notwithſtanding her *Pocky* Pains, the Shortneſs of her *Breath*, the Number of her *Corns*, and long Catalogue of other Infirmities would out Trot a *Penny-Poſt-Man*, to make a Tickle Tail Match between a Vigorous *Whore-Maſter* and a Deſirous *Young Damſel*; nay, rather than be without the Office, when a favourable Opportunity happens in her way, ſhe will give her Labour Gratis for the Pleaſure of holding the Door, leaſt ſome Impertinent Drawer ſhould interrupt 'em in their Felicity: She is often mighty full of Buſineſs, but always very Neceſſitous; and, Devil like, never appears but when ſome Wickedneſs or other is in Secret Agitation. If ſhe goes to Church, 'tis to deliver a Letter Privately in the Porch, or to whiſper an Aſſignation in the Ears of ſome young Wanton that is difficult to come at when at home, by reaſon of her Relations: She's an Abſolute *Politician* in the Buſineſs of Intrigue, and will Diſſemble as much Gravity in a *Fanatick* Family, as if ſhe had been bred amongſt 'em: She's

a rare Aſſiſtant to a *Midwife*, and a Merry Old Matron at a Goſſiping, or a Chriſtening; has as many Smutty Stories at her Tongues end, as an Old Pariſh Clark; and is the firſt that induces the Mothers to Talk Bawdy over their Cups, that their Liſſening Daughters may reap the Benefit of their Mirth, and not be too Ignorant of Nuptial Felicity, when it is their turns to be call'd to it: Her Face is as full of Wrinkles as a *Vintner*'s Bar-board is of Chalks, as if the Devil, out of Spite, had Scor'd her Sins in her Countenance. To Sum up her *Virtues* ſhe's an Inſinuating, Old *Hipocrite*; a Treacherous *Seducer* of both Sexes; a *Betrayer* of *Innocence* to *Shame* and *Miſery*; a Scandalous *Confident* in baſe Intrigues; an Induſtrious *Promoter* of all *Vice* and *Debauchery*; the very Emblem of the *Serpent* that betray'd *Eve*; the Curſed *Executrix* of *Eve*'s Perfidy that ſeduc'd *Adam*, and ought to be ſhun'd and dreaded by her own Sex as much as the Devil.

When wither'd Punk *loſt* Beauty *mourns*,
From Whore *to* Bawd *ſhe ſurely turns*;
And being paſt the Luſhcous Sin,
Delights to Wheedle others In.

Why, Mr. *Cornutus*, ſo very Melancholly becauſe your Unfortunate Wife, in the height of her Extaſie, was caught Dabling with

with your Jorneyman. Come, come, chear up like a Hearty Citizen, and toſs the remembrance of ſuch a little Accident behind the *Counter*, like the reſt of your Brethren: I proteſt 'tis a meer Scandal for a Man of your Wealth and Reputation, within *Ames Ace* of a Scarlet Gown, to ſhew your ſelf concern'd at ſuch a Trifle. *Cuckoldom*, if rightly underſtood, is the chiefeſt Bleſſing of *Matrimony*; for, in a great meaſure, it eaſes the Husband from the moſt Beaſtial Drugery that attends that State; beſides, according to Female Doctrine, it carries a Man to Heaven in ſpite of his Teeth; but then it muſt be when he has born the Affliction with the Patience of a *Philoſopher*, or elſe he is like to have little benefit by his Wife's Merits. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a *Cuckold* by *Nectenabus*, and conſequently *Alexander* the Great, no leſs than a Son of a *Whore*; nay, *Ninus*, the very firſt King of *Aſſyria*, was ſuch a *Cuckoldly Codshead*, that he became a Subject to his own *Termagant*, and was us'd by her accordingly, beſides a whole Catalogue of Kings of a more Modern Date, that may as juſtly take their places in *Cuckold's Row*, as e'er a Merchant in the City; why then ſhould a Man of your Worth and Gravity, ſo deeply Read in Domeſtick Politicks, as well as Foreign News, be ſo ſneakingly caſt down at ſuch a common Calamity? Were it any

ſuch

ſuch Scandal as might put you beſide the Dignity of an *Alderman*, or prevent your coming to be *Lord Mayor*, it would be ſomething worth vexing at. But a Man to go holding down his Head, as if he had been ſuch a Knave in his Shop that he was aſham'd to look an Honeſt Man in the Face, and all for a Chimerical Injury that hurts you no where but in your Fancy. Fie upon't; I would ſcorn to behave my ſelf ſo like a Child in Leading-Strings, as to Torment and Teaz my ſelf, becauſe another has meddled with my Play-thing; therefore pluck up a Courage, go Home, like an Honeſt Man, and be heartily reconcil'd to the good Woman; for, conſider, a Carnal Fault once paſt is never to be remedy'd; and if you are deſirous to prevent the like Miſcarriage for the future, pray ſtay at Home, do your Buſineſs your ſelf, and then you will have no occaſion for a Jorneyman to do it for you; but if you are Conſcious of your own difficiency, and think the Drudgery too much for you, find no Fault with the Honeſt Fellow for his over Care in not ſuffering your Wife to be undone in your Abſence; for if the Maſter himſelf ſhall prove remiſs in his Duty, who is a more proper Perſon to ſupply the defect than his own Servant?

He that knows how to touch a Fiddle,
And ſpoils good Muſick 'cauſe he's Idle,
I think at leaſt ſhould be Content,
When others Tune his Inſtrument.

Fie upon you, Miſs *Ogle*, but juſt out of your Hanging-Sleeves and crying for a Husband, like a Child for a Baby: I'll warrant you have heard your Buxom Mother Preach many a Goſſiping Lecture upon the Comforts of *Martimony*, which has ſet you a Gog, ſo early, to know that by Experience which ſhe has ſo oft Reported to you. Conſider, Miſs, you have been ſcarce long enough at a *Hackney* Boarding-School to Learn how to tread out your Toes, riggle your Bum, thruſt out your Dumplins, Play *Bobbing Joan* upon the *Spinnet*, Dance *Chickens* and *Sparagraſs*, or open your Legs wide enough for the Reception of that great Fiddle the *Baſe-Viol*; therefore, for ſhame learn theſe Things, or at leaſt your *Catechiſm* before you Dream of a Bedfellow. What tho' Mr. *Thomas* Flatters you, and ſays *You Dance like an Angel*, he'd ſay as much by a *Monkey* that had been but as long under the Tuitian of a *Step-Maſter*. What ever you do, my Dear, don't think of him; he's a Whiffling Young Fellow, that has no more a Notion of a *Marry'd State*, than your Lap-Dog *Button:* What tho'

tho' he has Danc'd a *Minuet* with you, and preſented you with a *China Orange* upon a *Ball-Day*, muſt you therefore fancy the *Dog-Star* has Bit him by the Brich, and made him Fire and Tow to beeome your Husband? No, no, don't miſtake him, Child, he has no more Thoughts of *Wedlock* than he has of his *Death-Bed*; and if ever you ſuffer him to diſcover the weakneſs of your *Innocence*, and let him know that you Love him, you muſt expect nothing from ſuch a Shatterbrain'd *Libertine*, but firſt to be Ruin'd, and then to be Laugh'd at; therefore tell your Mother your Grievance, whoſe Imprudence, chiefly, has been the occaſion of it, and the Experienc'd Matron will ſoon Teach you to Compoſe your ſelf. Solitary Walks, and Love Songs are but Heightenings to your Diſtemper; therefore leave off your Melancholly Lulling of *O happy happy Groves*, and Learn how to ſend up a Dinner handſomely; Dreſs your own Heads, Make your Smocks, and Mend your Mother's Table Linnen; and when you can do theſe things, and Read a Chapter handſomly in the *Bible*, then, without Diſhonour to your *Sex*, or a Scandal to your *Virginity*, you may think of *Matrimony*.

Daughters by Mothers well Inſtructed,
Are now in Pain to be Conducted

From

From dandling Babys made of Wood,
To th' handling warmer Fleſh and Blood.

Pray obſerve Captain *Cog* yonder, Struting along to the *William* and *Mary*, with a Tall Footman after him, like a *Highland Scotchman.* That worthy *Bragadocia*, tho' he Sweats in *Scarlet* this hot Weather, and Looks as Fiery in the Shade as a *Blazing-Star* at Midnight, yet he has no more Title to Wear Red than a *Heretick* has to the *Popes* Bleſſing; but is one of thoſe worthy Gentlemen that may juſtly be ſtil'd a *non Commiſſion-Officer*, who only diſguiſes his *Cowardice* in a *Marſhal Habit*, and dignifies himſelf with the Bugbear Honour of Captain, in hopes to ſeem as Terrible as a *Tanner's Maſtiff*, that he may make thoſe fawn upon him that don't know him, and thoſe Fear him that don't Love him, notwithſtanding he now looks like a Son of *Mars*, tho' but one of his Baſtards; yet he had the Honour to be Matriculated into our Mother Univerſity, where he Study'd the *Aſtronomy* of the *Dice* for about three Years, till he had made himſelf ſo very Skillful in their Numerical Conſtellations, that he thought himſelf compleatly Qualify'd for a *Town-Sharper*; ſo, with his Thoughts divided betwixt the two *Golden Numbers* of *Seven* and *Eleven*, he pay'd his *Univerſity Debts*

with a few long Strides, and walk'd it up to *London* to try his Fortune; and now you ſee how like Quality he looks, and what a Figure he makes, who was once doom'd by his Parents to the Drudgery of the *Pulpit*, if his kinder Stars had not toſt him out of the School of *Virtue* into that of *Villany*, and ſo made him a Proſperous *Rake*, inſtead of a Poor *Scholar:* He is a mighty Complaiſant Gentleman, eſpecially to a Young Heir juſt come to an Eſtate; and has as many Wheedles to draw him into the Charming uſe of *Elephants* Teeth ſpotted, as ever a *Popiſh* Prieſt had to make a Female Convert in a *Proteſtant Bawdy-houſe:* He has more *Followers* and *Setters* than the Topping'ſt Bailiff about Town; the later Hunt down his Prey, as the *Jackall* does the *Lyon*'s; and the other ſerve now and then to bear falſe Witneſs in the Judgement of a Caſt; when his Adverſary's good Fortune, in ſpite of all his Cunning, has made the *Dice* his Enemies: He has as many Women at his Command as an Old *Procurer*, who induce him to make good the Old Proverb, that is, *What he gets over the Devil's Back they allure him to Spend under his Belly: Solomon* is a Notable Prince with him, and his great Example; for he Prophanely thinks, to be like him in Wiſdom, is to have the ſame Number of *Concubines:* He has as many turns of Fortune in the Year as

as there are changes in the Moon, or vari-ation in the Wind: He is ſometimes Up, ſometimes Down, ſometimes Fine, ſome-times Shabby, ſometimes Proud, and ſome-times Humble; and is ſo like a Flyar of a Jack, or a Cog in a Mill-Wheel, that he s always Roving round the Points of the Compaſs, and can never keep his Station; we may Judge now, by his Appearance, he has newly met with ſome Unfortunate *Cully*, deſtin'd to the Curſe of Laviſhing an Eſtate hat has been Ill got by his Family; yet is Ten to one but in a Month or two's ime, notwithſtanding his late lucky Ad-enture, he may chance to be met with mong Journeymen *Taylors*, picking up his Crumbs in a Threepenny Ordinary.

Fortune's *a Jilt of little Honour*
To Gameſters that depend upon her:
She Flatters till ſhe'as quite Undone 'em,
And then ſhe turns her Tail upon 'em.

Yonder goes a fine *Liplicking* Lady, whoſe atches upon her *White Lead* Face, ſome ig, ſome Little, look like ſo many *Rayſons* nd *Currants* Floating in a Porringer of *ice-Milk.* Pray obſerve the Vanity of her ate, and the Extravagancy of her Dreſs; ere's a winning Smile for you; now a lling Glance; next the toſs of the Head; en a Peep upon her fine Lac'd Shoes;

now a Squint over her Shoulder, and ſo to the Ventilation of the Fan. I'll Swear, Lady, conſidering how ſhort a time you have been at the Trade, you play the *Curtizan* to a Nicety. You little think that Airy Laſs, within this two Years, was taken by her Father's Landlady out of a *Warwick-ſhire Dairy*, and brought from the Innocent Squeezing of *Cows* Dugs, to the Wicked Milking of *Town Bulls*; for you muſt know a Religious Old Lady beg'd this Damſel of her Father, that ſhe might attend her as a Chamber-Maid, promiſſing, if ſhe prov'd towardly, to do well for her, upon which Condition the pritty Cherry-Cheek'd Darling was ſurrender'd to her new Miſtreſs, who, in a Month after, brought her up to this Pious Univerſity for the Female Sex, *London*, where, in a Twelvemonths time, being a Docible Young Baggage, ſhe had pick'd up as much faſhionable Gentility, and neceſſary Pratling Confidence, as if ſhe had been Bred at a *Boarding-School*, ſo that now, being weary of her Miſtreſſes good Counſel, and equally tir'd with carrying the *Bible* to *Church* after the Old Woman, ſhe grew inclinable to change her Melancholly State for any ſort of Life that might better agree with her more ſpritely Temper, which a Neighbouring looſe Gentleman happening to underſtand who had a very Laſcivious Fancy to her Rural Virginity, he readily

ſnaps

ſnaps hold of the lucky Opportunity, and by the Vows and Proteſtations of everlaſting *Love*, fine *Apparel*, plentiful *Living*, and the like, he Decoys her from her Miſtreſs, and takes her into Keeping: And thus was ſhe firſt initiated into the pleaſing Miſteries of *Love* and *Copulation*, in which ſhe has ſince prov'd ſo expert an Artiſt, that ſhe has ſtill the Cunning to preſerve her firſt Spark and his good Opinion of her, tho' ſhe has turn'd up her *Mons Veneris* to as many Favourites, ſince the Date of her *Corruption*, as would have quench'd the Luſtful *Ætna* in the *Roman Meſſilana*. Thus was ſhe advanc'd from the Slavery of the *Milk-Pale* to the Diſcipline of the *Chamber-Pot*; from whence, had ſhe kept her *Vertue*, ſhe might, one time or other, have been honeſtly Prefer'd to the Honourable State of *Matrimony*, to her Friends Content, and her own Happineſs; inſtead of which ſhe is now become but a Scandalous *Cloſe-Stool* herſelf, that has nothing to protect her from Publick Contempt, but her being cover'd with Velvet, and when ſhe's ſtrip'd of her diſguiſe, and appears plainly what ſhe is, the World will cry *Foh*, as if ſhe ſtunk in their Noſtrils.

A Fair Young Harlot, *ripe and ready,*
Is Kiſs'd and Fondled like a Lady:

But

But when decay'd and once grown Poor,
Then out you naſty common Whore.

Pray Mr. *Lickſpiggot*, why ſo Prodigal in your Office, now you are choſen by the *Wardmote* to be a *Midnight Magiſtrate:* Conſider rightly, and 'tis no ſuch Honour to be a Prince of *Darkneſs*, ſince the *Devil* himſelf has been dignify'd before you, with the ſame Title. What tho', by Virtue of double Chalk and ſhort Meaſure, you ſupport your Daughters at the *Boarding-School*, yet believe that the ill-Natured World will be apt to remember that the pritty Miſſes, like their Fortunes, derive their Original from the *Tap-Tub*; what if they did? Pray where's the Diſparagement, ſince the Beautiful Mother of the Fair Sex had but a *Piſs-Tail* beginning from *Salt-Water?* Beſides, ſince *Grains* have produc'd *Aldermen*, and *Lord Mayors*, e'er now, have ſtarted out of the *Bung-hole*, why not a young Lady creep out of the *Spiggot*, and her Fortune without Scandal, riſe from the Profitable Practice of Old *Nicking* and *Frothing?* But why ſo very Humble in the Day, and ſo Tyrannical at Night, as if the Light extinguiſh'd your *Prodigality*, as the Sun-beams do *Fire*, and that your Star-Light Grandure was only viſible in the Dark. 'Tis ſtrange that a Painted *Staff* and a Wooden *Chair* ſhould change

change a Tunbelly'd *Tapſter* into an Emperour of the *Moon*, and that a Blue-*Apron* and a Bunch of *Keys* ſhould reduce a Man again to his Primitive Humility, and that the Mornings Tone of *Your Servant Maſter, and you're wellcome Sir*, ſhould, at Night, be turn'd into the Auſtere Language of, *Who comes there? Pluck off your Hat before the Conſtable.* Pray Mr. *D'ye call Sir*, let not the Spirit of *Pride* ſo Poſſeſs you in Authority, but learn to Meditate upon your *Calling* in the height of your Nocturnal Sovereignty, and that's the only way to make you Affable in your Office: Be not Elivated with the thoughts of your *Ruffanly* Attendance; for in the Zenith of your Splendour, at the Head of your *Raggamuffins*, you look but like *Judas* and his Treacherous Accomplices, Marching with their Clubs and Staves to betray their Maſter. Conſider, 'tis a hard Caſe that a *Watchman*'s Dog ſhall have more reſpect than a Gentleman at Midnight; and that the Yelping Puppy ſhall be ſuffer'd to Cock his Tail in your Worſhips Preſence, when a better Man than your ſelf muſt ſtand bare Headed to the Whelp and you; therefore, pray, for the future, behave your ſelf ſo that your *Neighbours* may Love you, *Rogues* Fear you, and your *Watchmen* Obey you; and ſuffer not your ſawcy *Janizaries* to be Inſolent to Paſſengers, leſt, if Crabbed methods

thods be your Nightly Practice, you ſhould go out of your Office like a Candle Snuff, and leave a Stink behind you.

When ill Bred Clowns, of low degree,
Are choſen to Authority,
The Looby will, in ſpite of Fate,
Aſpire above the Magiſtrate.

Here comes that Notable ſtirring Lady, Madam *Buſſel*, ſo wonderfully fam'd for her good Huſwifry and Charity, that ſhe's often Curſs'd for the one, and ſeldom Thank'd for the other: As for her Cleanlineſs, 'tis ſo very extraordinary, that ſhe trys the Floor of her Chamber every Morning with a clean Napkin; and if the Boards prove ſo Dirty as to ſoil the *Diaper*, her *Chamber-Maid* is preſently condemn'd for a *Slut*, and there is nothing but the Doctrine of *Scrub*, *Rub*, and *Elbow-Greeſe* Preach'd up in the Family for a Month after. To ſpit in her Parlour is a kind of petty Treaſon, committed in Contempt of thoſe Sovereign Laws ſhe has Eſtabliſh'd in her Houſhold; and ſhould her own *Ninconpoop* of a Spouſe but Drivel by ſide the *Chamber-Pot*, when he Smoaks *Tobacco*, his Ears would be Teas'd with nothing but bitter Exclamations againſt the Poyſonous Weed, till he had beg'd Pardon for the Fault, and made a ſolemn promiſe to be more

more Careful for the future. 'Twould be as great a Wonder to find her Ladiſhip Idle as to ſee the Sun ſtand ſtill, and to behold the Buſie Matron Squirting about Houſe, follow'd by her Maid, with a Broom and Rubbing-Clout; 'twould make a Man as Merry as a *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin*, for the Comical Paſſages between the former, conſiſt of more Variety than e'er was found in the latter. *O fie, Huſſie, how came this about? Here's a Fly-Turd upon the Ceiling. O Lamentable, Sirs, what a Naſty Speck do I ſee yonder upon the Wainſcot? Come hither, you Careleſs Baggage, with your Broom; what a Clod of Dirt, lies here almoſt as big as a Spangle? Why, at this rate, you Dungainly Huſſiff, my Houſe, in a little time, will have occaſion for a* Scavenger. If any Body ſteps by ſide the Mat on a Dirty Day, it ſpoils her Stomach to her Victuals, and makes her look as froward upon the Viſiter who has Trod awry, as if he was an Enemy to the Family, tho', perhaps, her Husband's beſt Friend, and the moſt Eſteem'd of his whole Acquantance. Should a *Dog* or a *Cat* make a Breach of their Good Behaviour, and by Accident drop a Noſegay in any Apartment of her Manſion, if it be not quickly remov'd before ſhe happens to have a view of the provoking Filthineſs, nothing can attone for the Unpardonable Fault, but the Death or Baniſhment of the poor Creature, though her

Husband's Favourite; nor can any thing pacifie the Turbulency of her Temper, till ſhe has tir'd herſelf, as well as her Family, with her implacable Doomments. She is alſo a mighty Diſtillers of *Simple Waters*, an admirable Spreader of *Plaiſters*, and an excellent Doctreſs for *Green-Wounds* and *Agues*, that her Door is perpetually haunted with *Sick-Beggars*, as if her Houſe was an *Hoſpital*, to whom ſhe adminiſters her worthleſs *Medicaments*, when a piece of Brown *bread* crum'd into a Meſs of warm *Porridge*, would do 'em much more Good than her *Ineffectual Salve's* or *Whimſical Diſtillations*; yet, by the Charitable Diſpenſation of her *Infallible Noſtrums*, ſhe has acquir'd among her Neighbours ſuch a Bountiful Reputation, that it is almoſt high Miſdemeanour to ſpeak a Word reflecting on her Works of *Supererrogation*, which conſiſt chiefly of ſuch unneceſſary Superfluities, that her over uſeful Cleanlineſs is but a Plague to her whole Family; and her Charity no other than Ridiculous Oſtentation, which *Craſie Mumpers* receive more to oblige her than themſelves, that they may have the better pretence to haunt the Door for the Benefit of Broken Victuals given them by the Servants, without the Knowledge of their Miſtreſs. She's a very Officious Lady at a poor Woman's Labour, and is ſo very Handy at the Secret Operation, that ſhe is as good as a

Deputy

Deputy to the *Midwife*; beſides, ſhe is very Skillful in the Miſteries of *Generation*, as well as *Child-Birth*, and has abundance of *Philtres* to Propagate the Good Work, as well as *Sternutives* to help Delivery, ſo that ſhe's often Viſited by new Marry'd Brides, as great Belly'd Women, for the Sake and Benefit of her admirable Inſtructions; for ſhe can talk as *Bawdily* o'er a Dram of *Cold Tea*, as an Experienc'd *Strumpet* over a Bottle in a *Tavern*, and is never better pleas'd than when Young *Fools* admire the Judgment of the Old One. But now, Madam, you are come ſo near me, let me beg your attention for a few Minutes; and tho' your Ladiſhip is my Senior, yet I will engage to give you as good Advice as ever was flung away by your ſelf upon a *Slatternly Chamber-Maid.* (*viz.*) If amongſt the Multiplicity of your *Vertues*, you would add the Principal Ornament of a Woman, which is, your Duty to your Husband, it would advance you in the Eſteem of all Wiſe Perſons, above that over neceſſary Cleanlineſs in your Houſe; which is a great Uneaſineſs to your Husband, an Interruption to the Freedom of his Friends, a Superfluous Trouble to your ſelf, and an Inceſſant Plague to your Poor Servants, whilſt the General Eaſe and Comfort of your Family is totally neglected; for ſhe that is ſo vain to prefer the Whiteneſs of her *Floors*, the

Brightneſs of her *Pewter*, the Neatneſs of her *Furniture*, and the Order of her *China*, before the Felicity of her *Spouſe*, the Pleaſure of his *Friends*, and the Quiet of his *Domeſticks*, may, for ought I know, among ſuch as herſelf, be accounted a Notable Huſſiff; but amongſt all ſuch People who have a Grain of Diſcretion, ſhe will never eſcape the Cenſure of being the Devil of a Wife; therefore, pray, Madam, for the future, give your Husband leave to Spit in his own *Parlour*, without your Clamours and Reproofs; let him Dine without your Quarrels with the *Cook* about her *Sauſes*; and go to Bed without a Lecture of *Cleanlineſs* Preach'd up to your *Chamber-Maid*; ſuffer his *Friends* to be Free without your Frowns, to be Welcome to your Table without your ſhews of Uneaſineſs, to be favour'd with clean Linnen without the Signs of Unwillingneſs; and let your Servants do their Buſineſs without your Watching at their Tails, like a *Patroon* over his *Slaves*, in a *Weſt-India Plantation*; for it is better to preſerve the Affection of your Husband, by Conſulting his Eaſe, than it is to win a Character from *Fools*, by your External Cleanlineſs. In the next place, Madam, let your *Charity* to the *Poor* be more Subſtantial; for when People grow Sick and Weak for want of due Nouriſhment, a little *Kitchen Phyſick* will do 'em much more good than your *Simple Waters*, ſweeten'd

ſweeten'd with *Treacly Syrup* made of *Clyſter Sugar*, fit only to take away their Appetites, that they may bear their want of *Suſtanance* with the greater Patience; would you but Generouſly diſtribute among your *Poor Petitioners* the Money you waſte Yearly in thoſe *Herbs* and *Drugs*, whoſe Vertues you underſtand no more than you do your own *Duty*, the *Poor* would be much more Thankful, and the World believe you to be a *Good Woman*, inſtead of a *Sorry Doctreſs*; beſides, you would ſave the Charge of abundance of *Thumb-Viols*, *Gallipots*, and *Lambs-Leather*, which, if you would but turn into *Boil'd-Beef* and *Broth*, *Bread* and *Cheeſe*, and good *Table-Beer*; inſtead of *Fools* Flattering your *Vanity*, *Good Chriſtians* would Commend your *Charity*, and the *Poor* Eſteem you as a better Benefactreſs, and Pray for you more Heartily.

I'd rather chuſe, upon my Life,
A Whore, *or* Slut, *to be my* Wife,
Than be purſu'd from Room to Room,
With here a Mop, *and there a* Broom.

There goes a Noiſie *Mechanick* full Trot to *Change*, not that he has any more Buſineſs there, than he has with the *Antipodes*, except to ſatisfie his vain Curioſity in ſuch Matters that he underſtands no more than an *Aſs* does *Arabrick*, yet he is every Day as

as conſtantly a one a Clock *Fool* among the reſt, as if *Intereſt*, inſtead of *News*, had been the Lure that intic'd him thither, and is as ſurely to be found about that Hour among the *News-making Ninny-hammers*, as King *Charles*'s Image among a Swarm of *Hypocrites*, who always hated his Perſon. That *Whimſie-Headed* Fellow of a *Gazetteer*, tho' he ſcarce knows the difference between a *Baſtion* and a *Battalion*, or between a *Dragon* and a *Dragoon*, yet is his Memory ſo loaded with *Marches*, *Seiges*, *Camps*, and *Battles*, as if he had the Vanity to endeavour to Qualifie himſelf for a *General*; and that he hop'd for a *Rebellion*, that his *Pewterers Hammer* might be turn'd into a *Truncheon*: Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* is the *Idol* that he Worſhips, for whoſe Succeſs he Prays much oftner than for the Welfare of his Family. The *Dayly-Currant* is his *Dayly-Bread*; for he can make at any time as good a Meal upon freſh Intelligence, as a poor *Scholar* upon *Ariſtotle*'s *Philoſophy*. A *Poſtſcript* to the *Poſt-Man* is like a bit of *Cheeſe* to him after Dinner, for it ſerves to digeſt all the *Flying Reportss* he had before ſwallow'd, which lay till then but very Crude upon his Stomach. He will talk as Impudently, in a *Coffee-Houſe*, of *Crown-Heads* and *States-Policy*, as if he was Deſcended of the *Machiavelian Race*; and by inſtinct of *Nature* had *Treachery* enough in his *Breaſt* to become

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a *Court-Judas*, that, for the ſake of a few Pence, would Betray his Sovereign. Tho' a *Pewterer* by his Trade, inſtead of minding his Buſineſs, he is always Hammering out ſtrange Projects for the *Government*, and will be as Saucily Predicting new *Spaniſh* Expeditions, as if the National Affairs were to be Steer'd and Rectify'd by ſuch a Leaden-headed *Coxcomb*. He's a Faſhionable *Saint*, and a very great *Zealot*; but was he in the height of his *Devotion*, and ſhould a *Hawker* come by his Door crying, *A New Mail from* Holland, he would leap up from his *Prayers*, run to the next *Coffee-Houſe*, and leave God and his Family, to enquire what *News*, that he might not be behind hand with the reſt of his Neighbours. He never Judges of *Reports* according to their own Probability, but according to the Quality, and not the Integrity of the Perſon that ſpreads 'em: If a *Ridiculous Amuſement* ſhould drop from the Tongue of an *Alderman*, tho' never ſo oppoſite to *Truth*, the Sanction of a *Gold Chain* would make it go down as Glib as if it had been verify'd by a *Fanatical Synod*, and Preach'd up by their *Thin-Jaw'd Apoſtles*, in all their *Alley-Conventicles*. But if *Truth* it ſelf ſhould be convincingly deliver'd by a Man of more Senſe, but of meaner Figure, it would go down Keckingly, like a bitter Potion, if not Modify'd and Temper'd to his own *Principles* and *Notions*.

Notions. He pretends to underſtand the *Policy* of all *Courts*, the *Situation* of all *Countries*, the *Strength* of all *Towns*, and the *Manners* of all *People*; tho' he is as unacquainted with *Geography*, as great a Stranger to *Hiſtory*, as meer an Ideot in *Politicks*, and as Ignorant of *Fortification*, as if he had ſuck'd in his Education in *Bedlam-Colledge*, and had never any other than a *Mad-Man* for his *Tutor*. When he Cons over a *Gazette*, by Miſ-pronunciation he makes one half of it a new Language, and is ſo wretchedly Confounded among the *Foreign Generals*, that he Blunders like a *Petticoat Infant* among the hard Names in *Geneſis*; yet where ever he comes has the Vanity to read aloud, as if he was Proud of Puniſhing others with his intollerable Ignorance. The *Common Cauſe* is his *Common Topick*, and he commonly ſhews himſelf a *Common Coxcomb*, whenever he dilates his Nonſence upon the Subject. I perceive by his quick Return, the *Change* has diſappointed him: I ſuppoſe there is no *News* ſtirring, and then he had no Buſineſs there. Pray come hither, Mr. *Occumy*, I have better *News* to tell you than you have heard this Twelvemonth, that will redound more to your Profit, if you make but a right uſe of it, than all the Victories your *Savoy Idol* has obtain'd this Seven Years, *(viz.)* Prithee mind your Buſineſs, Drudge on and grow Rich, leave the Policy of *Government*,

Government, and that of *War* to the Wiſe and Generous: Let not your Brains run a Wooll-gathering after Court *Arcanas*, or the Actions of the *Great*, for the more thou know'ſt of 'em, the greater *Fool* it makes thee. Never hope to be Wiſe by purſuing that which thou wilt never overtake, but be a cloſe *Shopkeeper*, and Induſtrious in thy *Trade*; for Money without Brains will advance thee to be an *Alderman*. Never meddle with any *Government* but that of a *Pariſh*, or *Ward*, and that Experience alone will be ſufficient to recommend thee, when thou haſt got but Wealth enough, to the *Government* of the *City*.

The Knowing Head *is but a* Slave
To thoſe that Wealth *and* Honour *have*.
So Wiſdom *waits upon the* Chair,
No matter if a Horſe *be* May'r.

Here comes a *She-Devil* of a *Prattle-Box*, who is ſo very full of the Spirit of *Contradiction*, that ſhe never agreed with her Husband in any one thing, except in *Child-getting*, tho' ſhe has been Marry'd this Seven Years. If he would have *Beef* for his Dinner, ſhe muſt have *Mutton*; if he drinks *Claret*, ſhe muſt have *White-Wine*; when he's for going *Abroad* with her, ſhe's for ſtaying at *Home*; when he's for ſtaying at *Home*, ſhe's for going *Abroad*; when he's *Pleas'd*, ſhe's *Angry*; and when he's *Angry*, ſhe's *Pleas'd*; when he

averrs a thing to be *True*, ſhe ſays 'tis *Falſe*; if he ſays 'tis *Falſe*, ſhe averrs it to be *True*; when he's for going to *Bed*, ſhe's for ſitting *Up*; and when he's for ſitting *Up*, ſhe's for going to *Bed*; when her Husband has Friends to Dine with him, ſhe always appears in foul Linnen, and her worſt Apparel; and never Dreſſes according to her Quality, or her Husbands Ability, but when ſhe goes Abroad to vigh Rigging with her Neighbours. She always finds moſt Buſineſs for her Servants, when her Spouſe has moſt occaſion for 'em, and will beſure to ſend his Man out upon a Sleeveleſs Errand, when ſhe thinks his Maſter has moſt need of him. When ſhe has leaſt Money in the Houſe, ſhe provides for her Family moſt plentifully, on purpoſe to Teaſe her Spouſe for more, when he has it not to ſpare her. When a *Tradeſmen* comes for Money, and ſhe thinks it may be pay'd him, ſhe always denies her Husband; but if an Importunate Dun knocks loudly at the Door when the Stock's low, ſhe will certainly admit him to the Speech of her Spouſe, on purpoſe to Plague him. What Meat ſhe knows that he loves Rear, ſhe will carefully direct to be down Roaſted, in order to make him Rave, that ſhe may ſit by and Laugh at him. To his Favourite Child ſhe is always moſt ill-Natur'd, and that which is moſt Undutiful to his Father, ſhall be moſt Indulg'd by the

the Mother, and have the leaſt Correction. She will often feign herſelf Sick to put him to the Charge of a *Phyſitian*, and will receive as much Phyſick as the *Apothecary* is willing to ſend, tho' ſhe turns it untaken into the *Cloſe-Stool-Pan*. She locks up her Plate under pretence of Carefulneſs that it ſhould not be loſt, and makes her Husband eat his Grewil with a Pewter-Spoon, tho' ſhe has Silver in her Cloſet. Her Pride makes her Reſerv'd, and her ill-Nature Impregnable, ſo that her Chaſtity is the effect of her ill-Conditions, and not of her Vertue. Becauſe her Husband goes to *Church*, ſhe is turn'd *Diſſenter*, and goes conſtantly to the *Meeting*, thro' Spite much rather than Devotion. If her Husband Invites a *Cergy man* to Dinner, to beſure ſhe ſends Privately for her own Blind Guide, who ſhall be certainly favour'd with a *Damask* Napkin, whilſt the *Parſon*'s is but *Flaxen*, and be firſt ſerv'd, and moſt drank to, not thro' a Veneration that ſhe has to the Dull Blockhead, but in Diſrepect to her Husband. In ſhort, ſhe's the very Quinteſcence of *ill-Manners*, the Rectify'd Spirit of *ill-Temper*, and the Confounded Abſtract of all manner of *Deviliſm*. Come hither, Madam *Spiteful*, I have ſomething to ſay to you that may be for your Good, for once I will venture at a *Herculean Task*, and try, if by good Advice I can Reform a *Shrew*, and turn the *Devil* of a Woman

into

into a true *Penitent*, viz. Leſt you are Proud to be accounted an *Ill Wife*, and an *Imprudent Miſtreſs*, endeavour to Reclaim your ſelf from that Thwarting Impertinence, Intollerable Peeviſhneſs, and Implacable Uneaſineſs, that renders you a Plague to your Husband, a Curſe to your Children, and a Ridicule to your Servants; and makes you as much Deſpis'd now you are a Young *Woman* as if you were an Old *Witch*. Your own Family hate you, your Neighbours Point at you, your Relations Slight you, and the World Laugh at you; therefore who would fall under ſuch Publick Contempt to gratifie the Sourneſs of a Crabbed Diſpoſition, which is owing to nothing but an affected Humour grown into an ill Habit; therefore I adviſe you as a Friend, to Conquer that *Effeminate Stubbornneſs*, which is the Root that Nouriſhes the *Perverſeneſs* of your *Temper*, and ſtrive, like a Prudent Woman, to reconcile your ſelf to that Love and Obedience which is juſtly due to a Good Husband; or elſe a dark Room in *Neuton*'s *Mad-Houſe* is the fitteſt place for ſuch a *Termagant*, and a good *Horſe-Whip* the beſt Rod of *Correction* to reconcile you to your Duty.

A Shrew *that* Love *will not reclaim,*
Nor Good Advice *or* Kindneſs *Tame*;
No Whip *or* Bridle *can be made*
Too ſtrong for ſuch a Stubborn Jade.

Diver-

Divertiſements.

SInce the Town *Sophiſticators* of the *Generous Grape* are Enter'd into a Wicked Combination to Enhance *Adulterated Claret* to Twenty-pence a Quart, this is therefore to Advertiſe the Gentlemen of the *Blue-Squadron*, That all their Toping Benefactors are about to Enter into a Solemn League and Covenant, to abſtain from *Wine* till the *Vintners* have put off their *Country-Houſes*, ſold their *Geldings*, lower'd the Pride of their *Wives*, and the *Prodigality* of themſelves. Alſo, till after a Hearty Repentance for their *Two-penny* Impoſition, they ſhall reduce their *Wines* to their accuſtomary Price. And then, like *Fools* as before, the *Fuddle-Caps* of the Town ſhall impair their Health, Piſs away their Wealth, and waſte their Time to Enrich a Drunken *Corporation* of *Ingrateful Flatterers*, who will never Thank them for their Kindneſs.

There is lately Erected, a little on this ſide *Iſlington*, a Famous *Dog-Academy*, where all ſorts of *Puppies*, except thoſe that keep 'em, may be Train'd up in the Diverting Sciences of *Ducking*, *Gunning*, *Hunting*, *Setting*, *Bull-baiting*, *Bear-baiting*, *Fighting*, *Thieving*, and all

all other Accompliſhments that may fit 'em for any Station or Employment, from the *Ladies-Chamber* to the *Bear-Garden*, provided the Blockheads that own 'em will half ſtarve their poor Families to pay well for their *Dogs* Board, and keep their Children from School, that they may be the better able to give to their four-Leg'd *Whelps* a more liberal Education.

There is lately Repair'd in *Barbakin*, a Famous *Wooden Theatre*, to the great Amuſement of the whole Town; where, under the Umbrage of *Religion*, is reviv'd an Old *Pagan Droll*, call'd, *The Pawwawing with the Devil: Or, the Art of Propheſying after the manner of the* Indians. By which *Fools* may be taught a new *Religion*, without the help of *Scripture*; and the Principles of *Morality*, without the uſe of *Conſcience:* Alſo Beggarly *Hypocrites* may there learn to Rowl their Eyes, Beat their Breaſts, Foam at Mouth, and ſo exactly to Diſſemble all the Agonies of the *Falling Sickneſs*, that they may tumble down at any Corner of a Street, and move Compaſſionate Spectators to be Profuſely Charitable. All theſe Excellent *Arts*, and Profitable *Qualifications*, will be ſuddenly taught at the Place aforemention'd, by a parcel of *Jeſuitical Jack-Puddings*, call'd *Camizars*, who at preſent, notwithſtand- Liberty of *Conſcience*, are under a violent Perſecution by the *Low-Church Mobility*.

Found laſt Night at an Eminent *Citizen*'s Shop-Door, a Luſty Carrot-Pated Male Child, Aged,

Aged, according to the Opinion of ſome *Judicious Matrons*, about Six Weeks: If any Perſon that has drop'd the ſame, will repair to the *Church-Wardens* of St. *A*——'s Pariſh, they ſhall have it return'd without any Reward for taking it up; and to Encourage them further to make a ſpeedy Claim, they ſhall have a ſound *Whipping* into the Bargain, leſt they diſcover the Father.

There are lately invented for the great Eaſe and Benefit of all *Gouty Old Sinners*, and *Corniferous Cripples*, fine *Volatical Pumps* of all Sixes, in which any Man, under the Weight of Twenty Stone, may Walk, Dance, or Run upon the Wind with as much Safety as upon *Terra Firma*. To be Sold only by the firſt Projector, *John Maggot*, a Member of *Gotham-Colledge*, Living at the Sign of the *Virtuoſo's-Head*, upon *Addle-Hill*, *London*.

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There

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FINIS.